AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

Pictures and Books Just Ready or Under Way.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND WAGNER'S MUSIC.

Another Look at the World as It Is To Be.

ANOTHER LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON COMING.



LTHOUGH you may call the idea old fashioned and goody, goody, I insist that a good story is all the better for being true. I am reminded to say so by having just read "Little Jarvis," by Molly Elliot Seawell (published by the Appletons). Jarvis was a midshipman-and a very lit tle one-on the Constellation when that historic craft, under Captain Truxton, beat the

French frigate Vengéance. The little chap had been longing for his first fight; he got it, and went to glory from the mainten, which was his post of duty, and from which he would not retire without orders, although the mast was cut to pieces and falling. Miss Seawell tells his story rapidly, tenderly and charmingly, making him a plucky, jolly, mischievous little boy, as all midshipmen were when they went direct from home to a ship, instead of first having their spirit pumped out of them for years at a naval academy, as is the present custom. It is reported that a monument is to be erected in his honor. It would be a good thing to do, and would not create a dangerous precedent, for boys who stay where they are put-which was liftle Jarvis' distinguishing virtue-are not numerous enough to boom the monument trade.

Among English poets of the latter half of the Victorian era none is so much read in America as Edwin Arnold. His "Light of Asia" has cast its beams over every village in the land, so when the HERALD'S special correspondent announced from Japan that in the far East, under the very shadow of Buddhs, the author has completed a greater poem, "The Light of the World," expectancy immediately got upon tiptoe. Readers of the Hrnald will be the first Americans to enjoy this eagerly anticipated work, for through the courtesy of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, who are to be Sir Edwin's publishers, our issue of next Sunday will present copious and notable excerpts from many portions

Hearers of Wagner's music may be divided into three classes-those who like it, those who don't and those who won't believe that any one else likes it. Having been an active and deplorably miserable member of all but the first until dragged out in self-defence by friends who did not like me to doubt their word, and objecting to having my own sanity suspected, I make haste to inform my late fellow sufferers of a source of relief that will prove effective in many cases. It is "Wagnet's Life and Works," in two small volumes, by Gustav Kobbe. The first volume is readable biography; the second analyzes the various operas so skilfully and intelligibly that any one with sense of barmony can soon sit through an entire Wagner opera without wishing the composer might come to life again for the sole purpose of being killed. Mr. Kobbé's book should also be consulted in secret by a great many charming hypocrites whose sole reason for liking Wagner is that it is the fashion with their set. (G. Schirmer, New York.)

Wright's new Trade Directory has a title half as long as the back of the book. It is in effect a busi ness directory and gazetteer or all the civilized. world except Europe and the United States. It is very full on Australia, China, Japan, India, Siam, Java, New Zesland, South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and Canada. It contains more than two thousand pages and is accompanied by a map about six feet square of Australia and a large map of New Zealand.

Probably the new book which is most frequently reread in New York at present is Mr. Brayton Ives' catalogue of his collection of rare books to be sold next month. It contains hundreds of titles, nearly all of books which are curious or handsome as well as rare. The catalogue itself is a choice example of De Vinne's typographical skill and taste, and the text is far more in keeping with the subject than that of some other notable catalogues, although it is occasionally marred by the expressalthough it is occasionally marred by the expression "excessively rare." Excess of rarity is a condition of things which dictionaries cannot explain. Some single books of the Ives collection will bring more money than a large "working" library, and the cheapest of the remainder will cause visible contraction of any one's surplus. To that large and estimable class of book lovers who have not money enough to bid in such a sale the catalogue itself will be worth much more than the deliar which it costs, on the principle of the bibulous but impecunious patriot who wrote from the front during the late unpleasantiess asking a friend to soak the reply in whiskey so that at least the odor of old rye might reach camp.

War as the private soldier saw it is a very different shar from that which is written about by correspondents, instorians and distinguished officers. All these writers tell the trath as far as they go, but two or three militor Americans remained in the plain bitee or gray uniforms of privates until killed or otherwise discharged, and these are the men about whose individual doings and feelings two or three militon American families are specially interested. Their story can lever be told except by themselves, but so few of "the boys" seem both willing and able to put their recollections upon paper that a book by any one of them is sure to be locked into with more curiosity than the average war book critics. "libary funs and light' is such a book. Mr. Kirk, the author, enlisted as a private in 1883 when only seventeen years of age and received a lleutenant's commission only a few weeks before the war suided. He fought through the terrible battles of the Wildorness, and his book, which is primarily a regimental history, contains about two hundred pages of private soldiers stories of work in the field. All these stories are simple and to the point. They give the reader a truer impression of war than can be obtained from a slot from locking like a section of Hades. (C. T. Dillingham, New York.)

In writing of the Seney collection at the time it was placed on view at the American Art Galleries and the sead speaking of the examples of Knaus. "The old Witch, If I mistake not, a replica." This has an assured considerable talk, and some would be bidders to the facts. Aft, S. P. avery, If., has assured Mr. Seney, to whom he sold the picture, as he has not befacts. Aft, S. P. avery, If., has assured Mr. Seney, to whom he sold the picture, as he has not befacts. Aft, S. P. avery, If., has assured Mr. Avery says that for twenty years the painternas refused to paint any replicas or reductions even of parts of pictures. Before that Knaus, nowever, did some replicas. His picture of the shildren's festival, formerly in the A. T. Stewart sollection, is virtually a replica of a picture in the serilin National Gallery, there being some little differences of detail, and in 1861 the artist produced a reduction of the "Baptism" picture which M. iambart brought over here in the lifties. This reluction is now in Germany.

Chariton T. Lewis' "Elementary Latin Diction."

Chariton T. Lewis' "Elementary Latin Dictiontionary" is quite as large as the college student
pill need. It contains nearly a thousand pages of
two columns each, and the vocabulary contains all
words used by Latin authors who are read in
American colleges. Although in one sense an
abridgement of the author's great octavo, published two years ago, it seems to omit nothing
which the undergraduate, in distinction from the
more mature and persistent student of Latin, may
require. It also possesses a special merit—that of
cheapness, of which the college boy is keenly appreciative. The difference in cost between it and
the parent volume, judged by college standards, is
equivalent to a hundred beers, or fifty endurable
cigars, or two buggy rides, a new stovepipe hat or
an annual subscription to the missionary society.
Of the author's qualifications for the work it is unnecessary to speak, as they were long ago admitted
by authorities on the so-called "dead languages"
which receive more attention than the vocabulary
and grammar of any tongue in daily use. (Harpers.)

have it, that some of the old man's articles were heavy, but because type is made of lead. In like manner some political pundits insist that we shall go back to the Indo-Germanic races for the cripin of our system of government. England is far enough back for Americans, for it is impossible to study English history without finding the severely tested precedents of the political institutions of our Republic. A man-need not copy the Prince of Wales' sleeve links or learn why high lows are not as good as patent leathers, but when he studies the influences that made England he cannot help realizing in spite of some present differences of practice that we owe much of our success in self-government to the strungles which our English forefathers went through during the half dozen centuries which preceded the departure of Purltans, cavaliers and tramps for America. The irrepressible conflict between privilege and principle in America was a continuation of the fight which had long been going on in England; the lievolution, glorious and effective though it was as an act of separation, was but an incident of the thousand year war that is not yet ended, and our written constitution would not have been perfect from the start but for centuries of English experience which illuminated the way of the Convention. All this is admirably explained in Professor James K. Hosmer's "Short History of Anglo-Saxon Freedom"—a book which all thoughtful Americans should read. (Scribners.)

should read. (Scribners.)

One of the peculiarities of many learned sociaties is that the reports of their proceedings reach the public so late as to have the appearance of ancient history. Compared with what the reading public want they remind one of the story of the engineer officer and the Mains colonel who were summoned by the commanding officer to a consultation about a needed bridge. The engineer went to work with his mathematical tables and his drawing materials; the colonel went out with five hundred men with axes and returned at night to report, "Well, Gen'ral, the bridge is done, but the engineer ain't half through with his pictures yet." To present its papers promptly is one of the first purposes of "The American Academy of Political and Social Science," and the third number (quarterly) of the Academy's "Annals," just at hand, is full of timely papers and of reviews of books on topics within the society's scope. Any one interested may become a member by sending \$5 to "American Academy of Political and Social Science," station B. Philadelphia, Pa. The membership fee includes cost of the "Annals" and other regular publications of the society.

J. Geertz, who painted a portrait of Carl Schurz

J. Georiz, who painted a portrait of Carl Schurz for the Liederkranz Club, has recently finished another for a German club in Chicago. The picture, now shown at Knoedler's, is a life-size three-quarter length and a capital likeness. It is vigorously and well liandied, though I find it a little painty.

For a man who is born of an ill assorted marriage to hurry to the dogs is unpleasing to his friends, his creditors and the reverend clergy, but whether it is worse than for such a man to devote himself to philosophy and to turning up his nose at everything and everybody is not to be hastily believed. Schopenhauer, of whom Professor Wallace, of Oxford, has just written a handy volume "life," was out of humor with everything that existed except his own intellect, and he lived long enough to spend all his spleen upon a world altogether too good for his laundiced eyes to discern clearly. Since his death he has been a demigod to some thousands of dyspeptics and other selfish and unreasonable persons, and from Professor Wallace's book other men may learn what manner of man this unfortunate fellow was. It is a dismal story, though; it could not be otherwise with Schopenhauer for its subject, but it may serve a good purpose in teaching some ambitious invalids that physical discretes do not imply the possession of godlike mentality. (Walter Scott, London.)

Toung men who have impertinent curiosity as to the home life of actresses who have no family ties will find some gratification in De Bascom's novel, "A God or Gotham." The title character is son of a magnate of finance, but the leading personage is an actress; indeed, the title page declares the book to be "a romance from the life of a well known actress." However this may be, the heroing is made by turns fascinating, moody, unstable, inxurious, unreasonable, vorsattic, unhealthy, radiant, abnormal, proud, humble, carnest, trifling, with no continuity in anything but selfshiness and a fondness for trifling with her admirers. She imagines herself an ardent lover, but the nearest approach she makes to genuine affection is through a passion whose caprices approach the ragged edge of animalism. Her one noble act is the well worn stagey one of giving up her lover in deference to the objections of the young man's family. There is a great deal of sugary, upholsterish description in the text, and also much stilled conversation, the best of which, in sentiment, is in some chats between two actresses about their profession and its annoyances. (G. W. Dillingham.)

At the art display of the Union League Club to be opened in connection with the monthly meeting on Thursday evening there will be a novelty in the shape of a collection of thirty-two works by the impressionist Claude Monet, which will be shown in the large meeting hall adjoining the art galleries. Among the French and American modern works and the old masters, which will form the rest of the exhibition, will be examples of Rembrandt, Hals, De Hooghé and Van Ostade which have not been seen here before except in the dealers' rooms.

The Academy of Design, which last year offered a special prize of \$500 for one year's study abroad for the best student in its schools, has for this and next year been enabled to make the amount \$750. This it does through the generosity of Mr. William F. Hare.

Proceedings of race congresses are generally cheery reading. No matter how much you have liked the race—no matter which it may be—you find that it is a great deal more likable than you imagined. This is such an unusual experience regarding any kind of human nature that a man feels like taking a day off so as to take it all in. For instance, I've just received the printed report of the proceedings and addresses of the Second Congress of the Secteh-irish in America. I had always known that the blood of these nations made as powerful and searching a "blend" as the products of Secteh and Irish distilleries but I find the half hasn't been told me. The book is so full of names of prominent men-and of records of great deeds that the practice may be pardoned for wishing that our first parents had been Secteh-Irish, in which case there would have been no more anakes in Eden than in Ireland, and the savor of catment perridge would have steeled the senses against the bouquet of forbidden fruit. A good portrait of Editor Bonner, of the New York Leiger, serves as frentispiece. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnatia)

The American broncho has made his way into English literature, and prances and snorts in fine form through some pages of the current number of Magnation's Magnatine. After the army mule—who also is peculiarly an American product—he is, to an observant writer, the most suggestively picturesque member of the animal kingdom, for he is full of "the humor of the unexpected" as well as of the tragedy thereof.

The second number of Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine is better than the first, although that made a highly creditable beginning for a naw periodical. The magazine has its field all to itself, and as it attempts to popularize the study of geography it deserves hearty encouragement.

Mr. James D. Gill opened his fourteenth annual exhibition of American paintings on Monday last at Springfield, Mass. The display will last until March I. There are 159 examples by 111 artists and the next little catalogue is illustrated by photo engravings of works by Messrs, Beckwith, Bricher, Bristol, De Haas, J. M. Hart, F. C. Jones, Macy, A. P. Ryder, Wordsworth Thompson and Witt.

There has been considerable anxiety among the artists of this city as to the fate of their pictures at Omaha, where the art building collapsed the other day. In answer to an inquiry of J. Harrison Mills, of the Art Guild, which shipped the pictures, H. Jay Smith, the art director, telegraphed:—"No paintings damaged. All shipped to owners." This Mr. Mills understands to mean that all the New York pictures were safe; at least all those which Mr. Smith did not obtain the consent of their authors to take on to Donyon.

"How To Be a Pastor" is the title of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler's latest book. Mr. Cuyler ought to know. He was at the head of a large and a necessful congregation for thirty years, and as he has retired from the pulpit he can have no inducement to keep back any of his practical methods, if preachers over do that sort of thing. (Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

Taylor Company, New York.)

The question of the identity of the American mound builders is a subject which pops up as often and as inconclusively as that of the fate of the lost tribes of Israel. The latest contribution to the study of the subject is "The Cherokees in pre-Columbian times," by Professor Cyrus Thomas, an tethnologist of long experience. As the Cherokees have forgotten their own traditions the author has no tribal starting point, so he begins with the mounds, works backward, and constructs a theory which has rouch plausibility, and shows that probably Indians, instead of an earlier or different race, were guilty of the scarification which still disfigures much ground which otherwise might be good farming land. The book is short and ably written. (N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette place, New York.)

sords used by Latin authors who are read in american colleges. Although in one sense an indigement of the author's great octave, published two years ago, it seems to omit nothing which the undergraduate, in distinction from the more mature and persistent student of Latin, may require. It also possesses a special merit—that of the parent volume, judged by college standards, is dispersed to two buggy rides, a new stovepipe hat or in annual subscription to the missionary society, of the author's qualifications for the work it is unsecsary to speak, as they were long ago admitted by authorities on the so-called "dead languages" which receive more attention than the vocabulary and grammar of any tongue in daily use. (Harman and the series of whom could have told them all in a lifetime longer than Methuselah's. Still, deductions hat his son should learn the business from the transfer of whom could have told them all in a lifetime longer than Methuselah's. Still, deductions as thoughful as an interface of whom could have told them all in a lifetime longer than Methuselah's. Still, deductions are thoughful as the made the youth work in longer than Methuselah's. Still, deductions hat his son should learn the business from the transfer of whom could have told them all in a lifetime longer than Methuselah's. Still, deductions and he is making great progress.

All is said that once a great editor was so desirous hat his son should learn the business from the pay of the author's qualifications for the work it is unsafely and complete the few who study works of literature for spiritual insight. Whether Danie had any intention of the mature of the winding power-ful writer to have attributed to Abe Lincoln and Bill Travers.

All is said that once a great editor was so desirous hat his sord are great editor was so desirous hat his sord should be an intention of the winding real power-ful writer to have attributed to Abe Lincoln and Bill Travers.

All is said that once a great editor was so desirous hat his sord should be an int

ture, and if it brings out more than the artist over intended who has any right to complain? Didn't Max Muller himself find a beautiful sun-myth imprisoned in the old nursery jingle, beginning Lydia Looket Lost her packet.

Mr. Harris' bookis published by the Appletons.

Rabbi Harris, of Temple Israel, Harlem, has prepared for religious schools a little volume called "The People of the Book." It is a guide to Eible history, from the creation to the death of Moses. Although made specially for use by Hebrows it is so simple, straightforward and sensible as to deserve the attention of all young teachers in Sunday schools. The handling of the early chapters of Genesis is admirably reverent and rational. (Philip Cowen, 493 Third avenue, New York.)

The Washington Bridge, recently thrown across the Harlem, is so handsome and creditable a bit of work as to justify the history which its chief engineer, Mr. William R. Hutton, has prepared. The book is a large quarto, and contains twenty-six Albertype pictures, some of which cover two pages cach, of the bridge and its details, besides nearly forty single and double page lithographs, showing working plans, &c., and many of the designs which were offered and from which the accepted plan was selected. It is a book worth buying and keeping by any New Yorker who has any proper local pride in him. (Leo Yon Resemberg, 36 Broadway.)

People without manners cannot be expected to absorb a large quantity at a time, so the author of "Manners, Good and Bad," has done well in restricting his book to about sixty pages. The chapters are very good as far as they go, although only elementary, and not extending to etiquette of dinners and other special occasions, they impart some principles which are at the foundation of good manners, and teach the uncultured man how not to become conspicuous though his ignorance of the ways of polite society. The volume is one of a series entitled "Good Form," three numbers of which preceded the present one. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

of which preceded the present one. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

With his three volumes on Madison's second administration Mr. Honry Adams closes the most considerable and important of American historical works of recent date. Heginning with the first term of Jefferson, he has given in nine volumes the results of his study of sixteen eventful years of our history. Washington, who died shortly before the election of Jefferson, had been, in spite of political opposition, so potent as a personal influence and so frequently a harmonizer of contending factions that party government did not fairly begin until he left the world, two years after his retirement from the Fresidency. The period that followed was eventful, formative, yet perious. France, carlier our ally, less through love of America than hatred of England, snubbed and insuled us. The Mother Country, no longer our ruler, found continuous revenge in bullying. We had scarcely a diplomat worthy of the name, and apparently we had neither men nor mensy with which to go to war. Mr. Adams writes of this period with a been sense of the nation's weakness, and with a pen among whose mistakes a lack of grace or power is not one. There are no prosy pages in the work, but the last half, containing the story of the last war with England, is the more brilliant. An intention to be entirely fair to all leaders and parent belief, on the part of the author, that national affairs would have been better managed had the New England element been in the ascendancy. All historians, however, write to expound theories, either directly or by implication, and M. Adams' theory has the merit of not being easy to demoish. (Soribners.)

Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" are not of such stuff as most young women put into print; indeed, their strength will astonish any reader who has not previously seen the author's "Story of an African Farm." Human conduct, in the light of duty, is the sentiment underlying all of them, and while some seem to show by lack of distinctness that they were not clearly thought out before being written, most of them have distinct morals expressed with much grace and force. It is not a book through which to hurry, nor one over which men and women will often agree; but it is earnest, sincere, thoughtful and full of, aspirations in which humanity abounds, though seldom does any one express them clearly. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Publishers seem at last to have learned that there is a demand for collections of short stories. Half a dozen volumes, each restricted to a single author, have appeared in as many months, and the Scribners are about to publish volumes by H. C. Bunner, editor of Puck, and Richard Harding Davis, one of the youngest and most promising writers of short fiction. It has long seemed unnecessary that good tales should be doomed to burial while yet alive merely because they are little.

LITTLE JOSEF HOFMANN.

HOW HE IS, AS TOLD BY HIS FATHER, AND HOW HE LOOKS IN HIS BERLIN HOME,

There are very few ladies in this community who do not remember the charming little boy, Josef Hofmann, who was brought to this country in 1887 and by his extraordinary plane playing created a furor. Since then another and still other prodicies have appeared to contest Josef's place in the affections of his admirers, but they have failed. Josef still remains supreme in memory.

were cut short by the decision of his physician that the boy was overexerting himself. Despite the effort of those interested pecuniarily in his continuance of his performances, Mr. Casimir Hofmann, his father, because of the advice of the



JOSEF HOFFMAN IN 1883.

little fellow's physician, refused to have him appear any longer. At the time of his withdrawai from public and his departure for Berlin Josef had lost a great deal of that vitality which had characterized his work at the piano, and had not only become weak, but had lest considerable flesh. Through the courtesy of a friend who recently received a letter from Mr. Hofmann, the H-mann is not alone able to reproduce Josef's photograph of his present appearance as contrasted with his appearance in 1887, but also to give the substance of the letter accommanying the photograph telling how Josef now is.

The letter follows.

"It will certainly interest you to know something of your patient, Josef. He feels extremely well, has grown very much and is much stronger, although he has been subject to a slight medical treatment. He suffered from a chronic inflamma-



SHARP OBSERVERS ALL

WHAT VARIOUS WELL KNOWN MEN AND WOMEN HAVE TO SAY ON CUBREST TOPICS.



where in the bill proves that the financial question is really paramount to all others now before the country. The farmer, of course, will be benefited by my bill should it become a law. Any one who has tillable land or ever buys it on a credit will be able to borrow money from the government at such a low rate of interest he can afford to go into debt a little. Some one asked me what would be done in case a land owner should become insolvent and unable to pay the interest to the government. That is very easy to answer. There would be plenty of men ready to buy in the land, borrow money at two per cent from the government and go ahead as if the insolvency had never occurred. The Sub-Tressury bill advocated by the Farmers' Alliance simply hypothecates products. My bill, if it becomes a law, will not bring about the miliennium, but it will give the people money and for ever do away with money panies."

BEN TEAL, expert stage manager and playwright:-I see that Henry Guy Carleton, In a recent issue of a dramatic paper, goes out of his way to throw a slur on stage managers. The fact remains that the success of a modern play depends largely upon the stage manager. Consider for a moment his duties. The stage manager goes over the author's manuscript and gets a general idea of the whole play. Next, the stage manager suggests to the management and author "outs" or alterations in the text which in his practical opinion are conducive to the success of the piece. When the play is rehearsed the stage manager is of course on the spot and maintains general discipline among the players, indicates to them their relative positions on the stage, their movements, their intonations, their gestures, their exits and entrances. The stage manager superintends the play in detail and as a whole. I have seen Dion Boucicault rehearse an actor for fitteen minutes showing him how to pass gracefully around a table. McKee Rankin showed Bob Hilliard no loss than six times how to carelessly, absent mindedly pick up a match as he walked out of a room. So, in spite of Mr. Carleton, stage managers have their uses. success of a modern play depends largely upon the

Francis Wilson, the comedian:—At home and on the road Iam a great reader. I like the Bohn editions of the classics because they are portable and well printed. I always have a certain set of photographs with me when I travel and put them around in my hotel room. They are Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Beaconsfield, Ingersoll and Gladstone. I have no theatrical photographs. Many of my books are on Napoleon, whom I admire, I speak Presich and German and so do my three children. My wife is a niece of Pere Hyacinth. Whist and fencing are my hobbles next to books. Optimistic or pessimistic in theology? Well, I'm neither. I believe in a "happy betweenity."

Jim Connerr, the boxer and pugliist:—Yes, I'm heavier than I was last year when I visited New York. I've gained about seventeen pounds. I'm ready to have a go with Modulifie if the preliminaries are satisfactorily arranged. The fight between Dompsey and Fitzimmons was a rattler. I used to be in the life insurance business out in Trisco, I tell you, if I'd been a commany I wouldn't have granted a policy to Dempsey after the sixth round. Fitz was too much for him from the start.

Willon Lackaye, actor: When I was at Daly's I found Miss Rehan quite as charming a lady as I had always considered her a charming comedienne, one day, during a pause of the rehearsal, I was standing on the stage with her and we had a chat, "Are you quick study?" I asked in an offhand tone. "Oh, yes: very," she answered. Then I looked at her and said, "How long do you think it will take you to learn to like me?" "Absent or present?" asks she. That floored me.

BANIEL LEACH, Custom House.—Talking about professional jurors reminds me that when I was connected with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington I knew a man by the name of Scrivener, who, perhips, served more times on a jury than any other man at the capital. If anybody approached him with newspapers after a crime had been committed he would wave him aside majesically, saying:—"I don't want to know anything about it or discuss the matter. You see I may be called to serve on the jury and a juror never discusses these things." Nothing could induce him to read the newspapers because it interfered with his professional duties as a juror. I think that man served about twenty days out of a month on an average. He could always answer the usual questions as to his opinions on a case satisfactorily to the counsel on both wides and the Court. That was the only man I ever knew who made That was the only man I ever knew who made serving on a jury a profession. He was a very in-telligent man and probably a fair juror, too.

David Briasco, playwright.—In my early days I used to be indefatigable in bringing plays of mine to managers. One manager I suspected of never reading any plays, so I tried a trick on him. One day I gave him a roll of blank paper tied with red ribbon. He received the roll politely and told me to call in two weeks. I called as he had requested, and he said he had read the play, but that unfortunately it wouldn't do. Then I slowly unrolled the blank manuscript before his eyes, held it up to him and enjoyed the comedy situation.

him and enjoyed the comedy situation.

General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan.—I enjoy visiting New York city occasionally, even if I do not feel in the frame of mind to submit to a political interview. I am very careful now about the time and place of giving interviews. One day at the Fifth Avenue Hotel a reporter sent his card to me and I asked him to come to my room. My wife happened to be present, and in the course of my talk with the reporter she said something. The enterprising scribe quoted my wife in the interview, much to ber dismay. It came near making her ill to appear in an interview, because she dislikes publicity of any kind. Of one thing I feel sure, viz., the reporter had no idea that it would affect my wife of else he would not have quoted her. I have always found reporters painstaking and anxious to get an interview correct. They are bright, enterprising, and deserve credit for their general accuracy.

general accuracy.

Thomas Nerson Page, of Virginia, author of many negro dialect stories.—In my opinion dialect stories are very much overdone. Of late many dialect atories have appeared and more or less surfeited the public. Sometimes they are very readable, especially when they are true to nature. I never try to get away from the real talk of the colored man when writing a story where he has to be quoted. The original Virginia daray is a good model to follow. He is, as a rule, if he is old, full of pleasing reminiscences, and is always contrasting the present with the past, much to the disparagement of the former. I think it will not be fong before the old type of Virginia darky will disappeat. A younger generation is coming on, and they have nothing to make them especially original. It is meiodious to the car to hear an old darky talk. He drops all of his g's and deals chiefly with yowels. He never ulters aguiteral word. His sentences flow like a phonetic vocabulary sliding down a river of yowels.

a river of vowels.

REMENT HILLIARD, actor.—Well made clothes are of importance to juvenile meet. The men of fashion about tewn criticise the fit of an actor's trouscrs and coats. I never wear a pair of trouscrs longer than a month on the stage. Always lay your trouscrs dat before returing. Coats can be cut to hide adjuosity. I hear Theodore Thomas always wears a Prince Albert of a cortain out to hide his paunch. An actor on the stage ought never to raise his coat tails when he seats himself during a seene. You know the story told of Lester Wallack and Osmond Tearls during a reheareal. Tearls during a reheareal. Tearls during a reheareal. Tearls during a reheareal to sit on your coat tails where he was rehearing the play, "that won't do at all. Don't be afraid of the coat. A gentleman should have a dozen coats in his ward-robe."

Ex-Congnessman Amos Townsend, of Ohio.—Many have asked me whether I thought Senator John Sherman would retire from active politics after his term in the Senate expires. I do not know positively. I do not think he will for two reasons. First, he is in full possession of his vigorous mental faculties and is a power in the Senate; and, second, the people of Ohio will not consent for him to retire justyet. All he has to do is to halfway consent and he will certainly go back to the Senate. I de not think he will be a candidate for the Presidency.

JOE KERR'S "DAGO."

FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. The breath of the East River and that of the

they have the Frenk Coinage question down to a As I stood musing and gazing at the outside

signs and monstrosities telling of the double won-

signs and monstrosities telling of the double wonders within the place a familiar voice fell upon my ear with a garlicky thud:

"Hello! olda man. How you do deess morn? Da monk take uppa collection in da glassa Jar fora ds Charity Hossapittle. Chippa in da fiva centa nick."

It was Macaron! Spaghetti, the organ grinder, old Peanutti's cousin. I tipped the monk just as I would any other waiter, told the old grinder! I was pretty well, and assed, interestedly, how the world wagged with him.

"Da world lika da dog with da tall cutta off—no hava da wag," he answered. "Me no hava da fun—no maka da mon—da biz ver bad—tougha luck."

"I'm sorry, Macaroni, but you musn't get down

"I'm serry, Macaroni, but you musn't get down in the mouth—there are lots of people worse off

"I'm sorry, Macaron, but you mush tget down in the mouth—there are lots of people worse off than you."

"Jown ina da mouth! Down ina da mouth! Dat where da monk' hava da troub'—mea, too. When we no have to eat we gitta rich; but da monk hava one stom'—mea too! Dat keepa us peor. You tella me dat soma peop' worsa off? Showa da man—i giva him da org."

"Well, the Indians are worse off—Sitting Bull is worse off—he's dead."

"Sitta Buil dead? Dat one softs snap. When da monk go dead him wears da wings—no have to work. Me know who killa da Sitta Bull."

"Soldiers, of course."

"No, Christophero Columb'. Him killa da Sitta Bull. If him nev' discov' deess land sitta Bull nev' kicka da buck', you bot."

"True enough, if you want to go back as far as that, but why don't you go further and blame Adam and Eve?"

"Sure. Dat whatta I do. Blama Eve—no blama Adam. If Eve not monka witha da snake Chris' nev' gitts born, Injun agents nev' shinna da redda men, Sitta Bull nev' skippa da traico, da monka hava noa troub'—mea too. But Colo bo one greata man. Him have one head—dat how him get ahead. When you gitta one head—dat how him get ahead. When you gitta one head, you get a head too. Wow! Hat Ha!" And he laughed.

"Another truth, old fellow, but teil me what you know of Columbus. You know Uncle Sam is going to celebrate his discovery of America at Chicago in "2"."

"Me knowa dat. In mya countra da have da sama

Me knowa dat. In mya countra da have da sama

to celebrate his discovery of America at Chicago in '92."

"Ms knows dat In mys countrs ds have da same ship him come or' ds wat' in—da same Baxter street suits clothes him west. Dey go'n' send dem ova here to da Worldsa Fair. Da Chicag peop' go'n' invita da Chaunca Depew or da funna it' Marsha Wilder to maka da speech to open da fair. I wrote one speech for da Chaunca, wrote 'noder one for da Marshall."

"Pshaw! Did you? What sort of a speech did you get up for Marshall Wilder?"

"I tella you.—You stand ov' there—keepa still—watcha me—i giva you da imitate.

"Now. Da Marsha Wild walk out on da plataform ilka dis. Greata big erowda peop' alla form ilka dis. Greata big erowda peop' alla fromd. Dey clappa da hands. Da Marsha maka da bow, smile, rubba da hands. Da Marsha maka da hands alla da more.—"Fret' soon da peop' closa da clam—shutta up.

"Mist' Wild' say:—"B". "Felon cits', ladies an' gentaman ('plause'). Dees giva me da mucha pleas. I glad you not staya to home. I go'n' tella you 'bout da greata Christophero Colomb'. Him one brick. (Yer greata 'plause—mucha laugh). If Chris' not find Amerique Chicag' nev' git deesa fair—Newa York would have da show—Chicag' would notta be known. (Newa York peop' slappa da plause out fast—Chicag peop' lo cka cross.)

"If Colomb' not find Amerique Georga Washa' not gitta born, an' we known endrque, Newa York not hava da ralamage; Pittsaburg not hava da natural gas and da Anda Carnagle; Philadelph' not hava da Talamage; Pittsaburg not hava da natural gas and da Anda Carnagle; Philadelph' not hava born, an' we have ne 22d Feb. Da peop' not toil so mucha lies 'bout da lie George didn't tell. (Greata 'plause.) Indianap' nev' ruisa da president Johnshall. We have ne 'getta born, an' we have ne 'getta fett—thiray Grant nev' have da reida whiskera—Generala Sherma

ONE KIND OF TYPEWRITER.

HOW THE FAMILY GODS WERE SET UP IN A LIT LE HARLEM FLAT.

Out on Broadway just now I saw a little girl that I have a big respect for. She is a typewriter, but she is not much like the kind the newspapers are always telling stories about, though, like them, she is pretty—as pretty as a picture and as good as if she were old and ugly. She is twenty-two, and let me tell you what she has done!

Six years ago she was the most ragged, friendless, ignorant little orphan you would care to hear of, and she had four younger sisters, each more ragged and friendless and ignorant and orphaned than the other. She went into a typewriting copying office to learn the business in return for her services as office girl. She was such a bad speller that everyody said she would never make a typewriter. She set in to learn to spell. She was so shabby that the head of the office said he was ashamed to end her on errands, but she did her work so well

that the head of the office said he was ashamed to send her on errands, but she did her work so well that he concluded it would pay to spend a couple of dollars in axing her up, of dollars in axing her up, and he herself a shifful operator, although to begin with she was uncommonly clumsy.

The fact was she had comething else on her mind than finding a husband to support her. She was thinking about those four little sisters. They were living around with relatives, most of whom were very poor, and when they were not poor they were exceptionally cross and eruel to wake up. This little woman, call her annie if you like, had an ambition to be a mother to those little sisters.

A mother? What she is now is mother, and father, too!

The first money she could scrape together from her typewriting she spent learning stenography. She could not afford all the leasons she needed, but she made it up in hard work by herself. She was not gifted with the qualities for making the beat stenographer—the best ones are born, not made—but she did all she could and came out batter than the average that no office work, and since that she has had comparatively easy sailing.

People had noticed her; she got a goed position; not much money, as you count money, but enough to start her in executing a long cherished plan.

She got together those four sisters. She took a little flat up town. She gathered them all fin and told them they must live without furniture until they could buy it, not on the instalment plan. In the meanwhile they would all have plenty of good food, such as they had not had before, because furniture is a intury, but good food is an investment for working girls.

Two of the girls were learning typewriting in the same way she did. The two younger ones were in school. They camped along as best they could and were happy. That was a year and a half ago. Now three of them are carning good pay, as salaries go—there is a prejudice in that big office building whore Annie is in favor of the family—one of the younger ones is lear

PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen of England has just received a royal gift. It arrived in Liverpool from the regions of Central Africa by the steamer Mandingo last month. It was a lion cub, which the Sultan of



NO SEATS FOR HER IN THAT CAR. She entered the car at Broadway and Canal street and glared around at the tired looking business men occuying all the seats.

At Broome street she was visibly irritated, and trod on the toes of an innocent old gentleman who MONE'S LOGICAL OWNER TELLS WHAT CAME happened to be deeply engrossed in his evening

The breath of the East River and that of the North River met in a violent kiss at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. And I was "in it."

My cigar, my thoughts and I, as we strolled 'cross town, were discussing the Irish and the silver questions when the winds struck us. Up went silver—up Broadway, and down went the Irish—down Broadway, while the clashing zephyrs whistled a calliope air through my Evening Telegram colored whiskers, very like "They're After Me."

But I went on; on toward Sixth avenue—on past the 5a's club—on through the Beattle mud of the perusal of his newspaper.

"Move up there, forward," shouted the conductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was her chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was her chance and she settled her ductor. This was here chance and she settled her ductor. This was her chance and she settled her ductor. This was her chance and she settled her ductor. This was her chance and she centure of the frow to be are on him for all wend to mild the frow to be are on him for all she was worth. I was very exasperating. The mild appearing man did not even look up. No one appeared to take the slightest notice of her and she became a set at all hazards. "Sir!" she exclaimed, to the man with the mild to ake the slightest notice of her and she became a set at all hazards. "Sir!" she exclaimed, to the man with the mild to ake the slightest notice of her and she countered not t "Move up there, forward," shouted the con-

the crossings until I came to the vicinity of Worth's Museum, one of the few places where AT MUSIC'S SHRINE

Naive Pictures of Berlin Court Concerts by Minnie Hauck.

GLIMPSES OF KING WILLIAM'S COURT.

Courtiers Shocked at Displays of Independence by the "Princess

from America."

Like yesterday it seems to me-so vivid is my recollection—a gigantic figure of majestic bearing, walking up to me in the concert room at the German Imperial Palace, where we few artists, taking part at a Court Concert, were reposing between our programme numbers, and warmly congratulating me on the successes

I was just then obtaining at the Berlin opera. Every one will surmise that I refer to His Majesty William L. He was a noble figure indeed, lofty, and gentle as a child at the same time.

I shall never forget his delightful smile when saying to me that he was pleased to see that his Berliners appreciated my talent, but that he personally did not approve of my name appearing nightly on the play bills at the opera house with the letters "A. G." attached to it, which I must explain means "als gast" (as a guest), but otherwise knows as "starring." It was a high compliment paid me, for the Emperor meant to express his desire to see me permanently at-tached to the royal opera. I answered quietly, "Your Majesty can easily remedy this."

"So?" he laughingly said; "wir werden sehen." A short time after the intendant general of the court theatres, His Excellency, Baron Hulsen, submitted to me for signature a contract drawn up in the

court theatres, His Excellency, Baron Huisen, submitted to the for signature a contract drawn up in the most favorable terms enjoyed by any artist then engaged at the open. The "A. G." attached to my mane was consequently dropped.

But the following season it received another appendency, for His Majesty appointed me "Royal Prussian Kammersungerin," au honor then only shared by Middame Mallinger Voggenhuber and Madam Lacca, who, however, was no longer a member of the company. Seeing me shortly afterward at one of his "soirce musicales," which usually took place at the royal palace every Thursday, the Emperor asked me if I was now satisfact, and I thus had occasion to thank him perponally for his graciousness toward me.

ARSING IN ROYAL PAVOR.

All the royalty and nobility at Berlin, the famous statesmen and generals, all in full uniform, were usually invited to these solrees, and as the two or three artists were not shut off from the andlence, as is the case at English court concerts, I was introduced to heavy shorn I would probably never have met under less favorable circumstances.

Mothe was frequently present, Hismarck, however, very rarely; nor can I remember having ever seen the man of iron at the opens.

Their Majesties were usually seated in the beautiful welse saal and facing the plane. Tap Crown Princes and Crown Princes were on their right, and all the other princes and princesses grouped about. After the concert the whole distinguished assembly went to the supper room. The Emperor, as well as old Emperess Augusta, seemed to have taken a great liking to me, for they usually walked up to me after the concert and conversed a few moments about musical and other matters.

On one of these occasions I was set down on the

cert and conversed a few moments about musical and other matters.

On one of these occasions I was set down on the programme for the Mignon air, "Knowest Theor the Land" (a favorite song of the Empress), as well as for the mazurka. "Coquetta" of Chopin, which latter I same with several embellishments. After the concert, as I was walking through the assembly on the arm of Hof Kapellmeister Taubert, the Emperor stopped me with the words:—

"To this manufer one could not done your west."

"To this mazurka one could not dance very well,"
"Hardly, your Majesty," I replied, "for it is too co-

"Hardly, your Majesty," I replied, "for it is not co-quette."
"Shall we try it?" be said, laughingly. "But I am afraid with me dancing it would be still more difficult than to sing this mazurka."

In a similar way nearly all the princes and princesses came up to us and conversed in the most amisiles manner—the general tone was very gay and sans gues; not at all as stiff and solemn as I feared they would be, when I was taken to the palace the first time, scated in one of the royal carriages, which after the concerts used to carry us bome again. These car-riages also fetched us to the rehearsals and perform-ances at the opera.

riages also fetched us to the rehearsals and performances at the opera.

EATING MAJESTY'S JUJURES.

On mother occasion I was to sing the difficult waitz from Gounod's opera "Mirellie," but I was suffering so severely from a cold that I felt I could not do myself Justice. But I did not want to disappoint the Emperor, who had some foreign royal guests that evening. Therefore, on arriving at the pulsee, I begged Music Director Tanherby, who usually as-

begged Music Director Tanherby, who usually secanged he musical part of the "solves," to make any excuses to Empress Angusta, and beg Hor Majosty to choose some other favorits air for me to sing instead of that one. He returned, bringing me Her Majosty to work juiled box, and the message, Her Majosty hoped the fujibles world enable me to sing the wait announced. Of course I compiled, although it was an important of the course of the message her Majosty hoped the fujibles world denable me to sing the wait announced to the course of the course